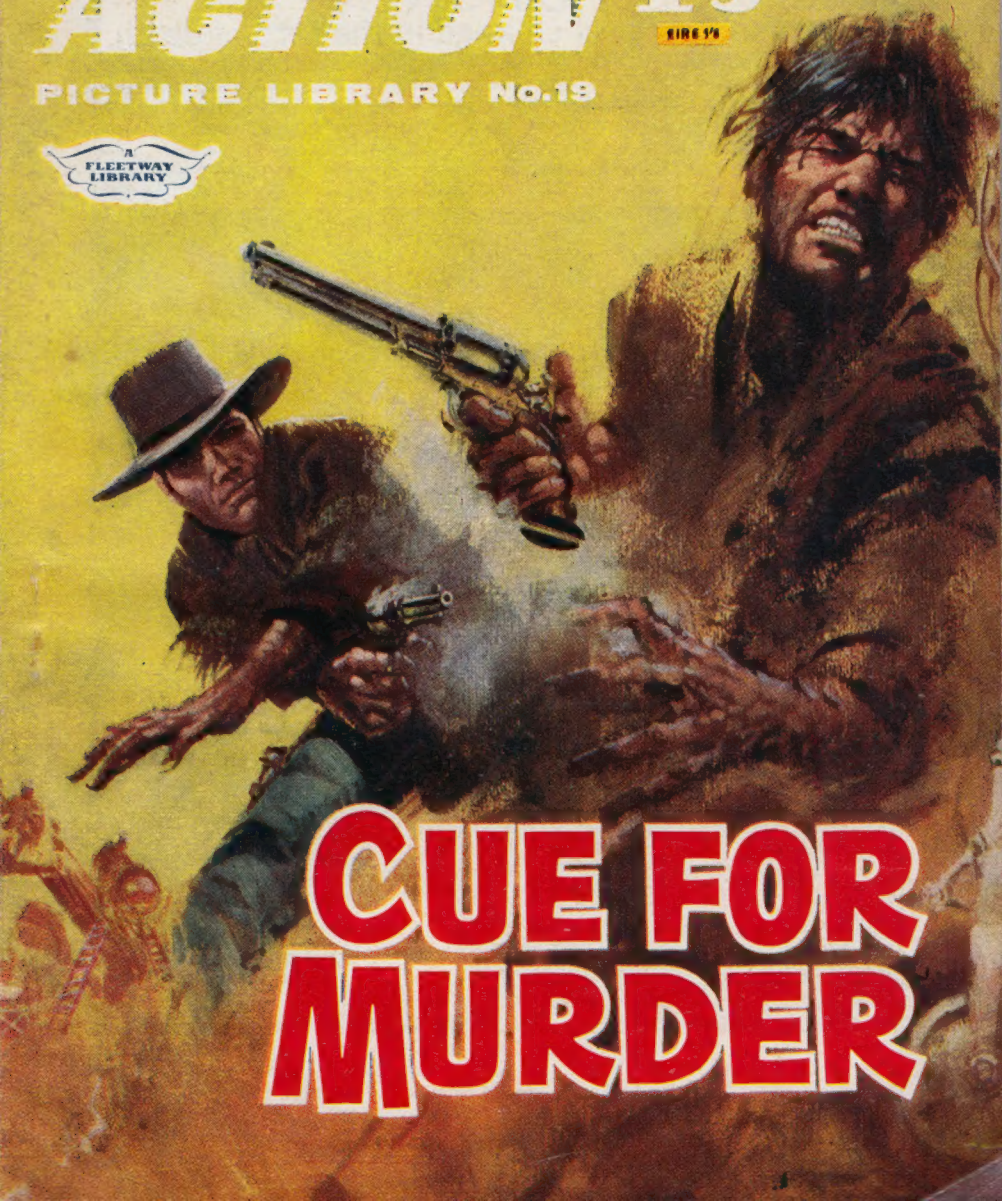


ACTION 1/3

KIRK 1/3

PICTURE LIBRARY No.19



CUE FOR MURDER

MEN OF ACTION...

who displayed cool courage in the face of death

James Gillan, Manager of Hartley Bank Colliery, Yorkshire, was in his office when news reached him that his Under-Manager was trapped in the mine by fire-damp, the killer gas that explodes when mixed with air. Two men had already made a rescue attempt, but had been forced back by the fumes, to wait for breathing apparatus. Gillan telephoned for a rescue team then descended down the mine alone, taking with him a reviver-set. The set was heavy and Gillan needed all his strength to drag it to where the



Under-Manager lay. Gillan had dragged the unconscious man to within twenty yards of safety, when disaster struck. The oxygen hose became detached from the cylinder and the valuable oxygen escaped. There was no time to fix the pipe back. Holding the unconscious man's head near the escaping oxygen, Gillan took turns with him in sucking in the oxygen—and prayed for the rescue team to arrive. Gillan's endurance paid off, for the team arrived to save both men's lives. Such bravery as Gillan's is never forgotten. And in May, 1960 he was awarded the George Medal.

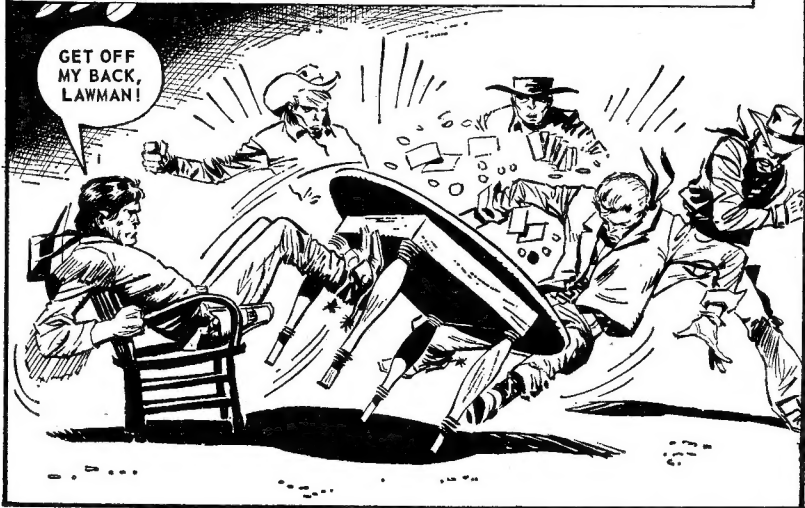
CUE for MURDER



THE UNIT WAS FILMING LOCATION SHOTS FOR "THE LONE STAR STATE"...
WITH GARNETT PLAYING THE TEXAS RANGER HERO...



THE SALOON BABBLE WAS SILENCED... AND SUDDENLY ALL HELL BROKE LOOSE...



A MAN AS BIG AND AS POWERFUL AS THE STAR HIMSELF, THE MAN CALLED HAWTREY THREW HIMSELF BODILY ON THE FALLEN RANGER.



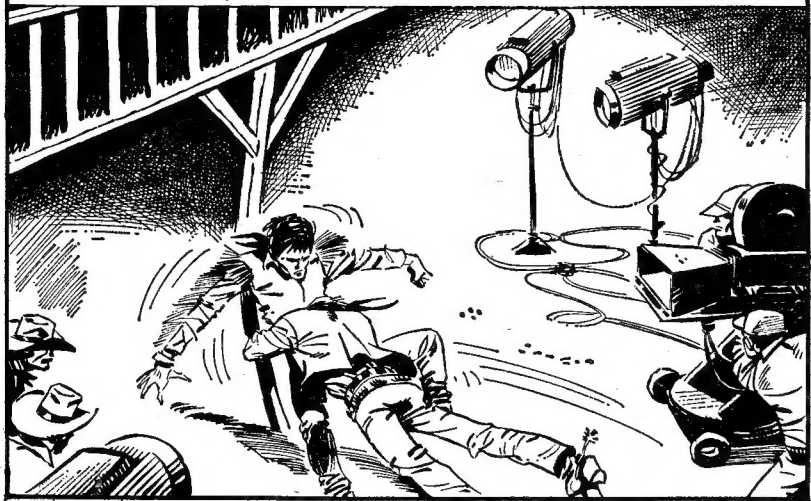
THE EXTRAS SCATTERED AS THE TWO MEN ROLLED ACROSS THE FLOOR...



THEY BROKE APART AND HAWTREY SWUNG
A CHAIR...



LIKE AN ENRAGED BULL, THE RANGER SHRUGGED OFF THE BLOW AND CHARGED FORWARD.



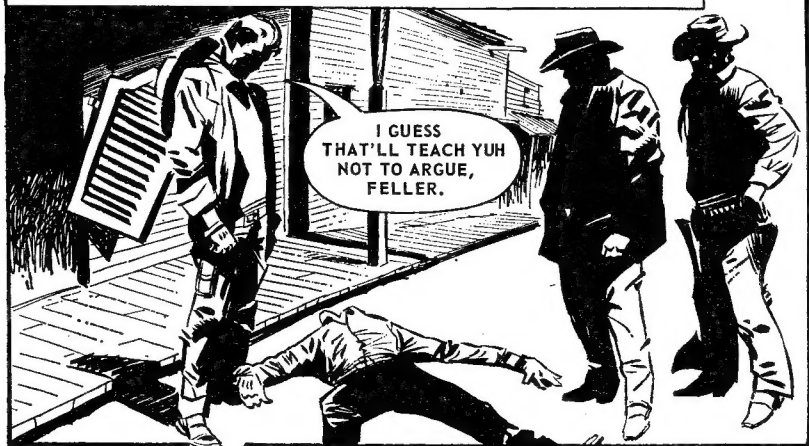
EVERY MOVE, EVERY PUNCH OF THAT FURIOUS FIGHT HAD BEEN PLANNED AND REHEARSED, YET HOW REAL IT LOOKED ...



GARNETT'S MASSIVE FIST SHOT OUT AND HAWTREY TOPPLED BACKWARDS THROUGH THE BATWING DOORS ...



HAWTREY FINISHED UP IN THE DUST AND THE RANGER GRINNED DOWN AT HIM.



HE TURNED HIS BACK CONTEMPTUOUSLY AND A BYSTANDER YELLED... RIGHT ON CUE.



THE STAR WHIRLED AROUND, HIS COLT .45 SEEMING TO LEAP TO HIS HAND, TOO FAST FOR THE EYE TO FOLLOW...

THERE WAS NO CAMERA FAKE ABOUT THAT DRAW...



IT WAS A PERFECT PIECE OF WESTERN GUNPLAY, ONE FLOYD GARNETT HAD ENACTED TIME AND TIME AGAIN...



THE DIRECTOR, MAX BRUNOVITCH, GRINNED HAPPILY AS HE TROTTED AFTER HIS STAR.



THE ACTOR STALKED TO THE LUXURIOUS CARAVAN HE USED ON LOCATION...



SAM BURNSIDE, FOR MANY YEARS FLOYD'S DRESSER, CAME A-RUNNING. NO-ONE KEPT THE GREAT STAR WAITING...

OUTSIDE ON THE SET, MAX BRUNOVITCH WAS SURPRISED TO FIND THE OTHER WESTERN ACTOR STILL ON THE GROUND.

HEY, FRANK...
YOU GONE TO
SLEEP... OR
SOMETHING?



ACTOR FRANK GRAEBNER, WHO WAS PLAYING HAWTREY, DID NOT STIR. BRUNOVITCH STOOPED ANXIOUSLY OVER HIM AND ...

HE... HE'S
DEAD! FRANK'S
DEAD!



SHOCKED SILENCE... THEN A BABBLE OF VOICES...

HE'S BEEN SHOT!

PARKER... GO RING HEAD OFFICE. TELL 'EM TO SEND A SECURITY MAN OVER HERE, DOUBLE-QUICK! I'M GONNA SEE MISTER GARNETT...

JEHOSOPHAT! IT MUST'VE BEEN WHEN FLOYD...

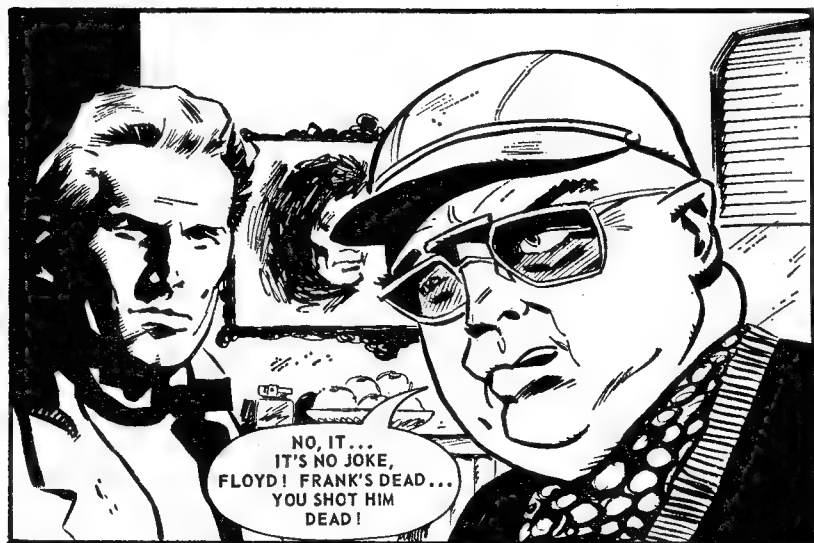
FLOYD GARNETT NEVER LIKED BEING DISTURBED OFF THE SET...

ER... FLOYD... SORRY TO BUST IN, BUT SOMETHING'S COME UP...

SOMETHING'S COME UP... WHAT THE DEVIL D'YOU MEAN? THERE WAS NOTHING WRONG WITH THAT SCENE... I KNOW MY BUSINESS, BRUNOVITCH.

MAX BRUNOVITCH NERVED HIMSELF...

NO, NO! NOTHING WRONG WITH THAT, FLOYD. IT'S SOMETHING ELSE. YOU SEE, WHEN YOU SHOT FRANK, THERE... THERE MUSTA BEEN A LIVE BULLET IN THE GUN...



THAT DID IT! FLOYD GARNETT HIT THE ROOF!

GUNS WERE ONE OF FLOYD GARNETT'S HOBBIES...



WHERE'S THE PROP MAN THEN? HE'S THE GUY WHO SUPPLIED THE BULLETS FOR THAT SCENE...



BUT BOB BARNABY, ONE OF THE FILM COMPANY'S SECURITY MEN, WAS ALREADY QUESTIONING THE PROPERTY MAN...



THE KILLER GUN WAS EXAMINED. THE REST OF THE CHAMBERS WERE FILLED...
WITH BLANKS.

BUT MISTER
GARNETT ALWAYS
LOADS THE GUN
HIMSELF... AIN'T
THAT RIGHT, MISTER
GARNETT?

YEAH, I GUESS SO.
BUT LISTEN HERE,
BARNABY, YOU DON'T
THINK I'D BE FOOL ENOUGH
TO PUT A LIVE SLUG
IN THE GUN,
DO YOU?

ANYWAYS, THAT
GUN'S BEEN LYING
AROUND HERE ALL DAY,
MISTER BARNABY. ANYONE
COULD'VE TAMPERED
WITH IT!

INVESTIGATIONS BY THE STATE'S HOMICIDE BUREAU DID NO MORE THAN CONFIRM THAT VIEW...



NO MOTIVE FOR KILLING GRAEBNER... AS FAR AS WE'VE BEEN ABLE TO TRACE. NO FINGERPRINTS ON THE GUN, EITHER... EXCEPT FLOYD GARNETT'S, THAT IS.

AN ACCIDENTAL KILLING, HUH? IT DON'T SEEM VERY CLEAR HOW IT HAPPENED, THOUGH. LEAVE THE FILE OPEN, REILLY!

CAPTAIN PAINTER OF HOMICIDE TURNED TO BOB BARNABY...



WE'RE MOVING OUT, BARNABY. YOU KEEP YOUR EYES OPEN ON THE LOT, EH? CALL US IF ANYTHING TURNS UP, HUH?

THERE WAS ONE MORE SCENE OF "THE LONE STAR STATE" TO BE SHOT... A CROSS-COUNTRY CHASE...

HIGH TIME
WE GOT THIS
DARNED FILM WRAPPED
UP, BRUNOVITCH.
YOU READY TO START
THOSE CAMERAS
ROLLING...?

SURE,
FLOYD...
SURE!



ON ORDERS FROM HEAD OFFICE, BOB BARNABY HAD TAKEN THE PRECAUTION OF CHECKING ALL WEAPONS TO BE USED IN THE DAY'S "SHOOTING".

I SURE
HOPE NO-ONE
GETS SHOT
THIS TIME,
BOB!

SO DO
I, CHARLIE...
SO DO I!
I'LL BE FOR
THE HIGH
JUMP, IF THEY
DO!



FLOYD GARNETT WAS
"RIDING SHOTGUN" ON THE
STAGE-COACH IN A SEQUENCE
WHERE HE WAS BEING
PURSUED BY OUTLAWS...



OUTLAW AFTER OUTLAW "BIT THE
DUST" AS THE CHASE WENT ON...



BUT ONE MAN SURVIVED THE DEADLY ACCURATE FIRE OF THE TEXAS RANGER...



THE TEAM OF HORSES HAD THE BITS BETWEEN THEIR TEETH, BUT FLOYD GARNETT COULD HANDLE HORSES AS WELL AS HE COULD HANDLE A GUN...



ALONG A NARROW MOUNTAIN
TRAIL THEY THUNDERED.

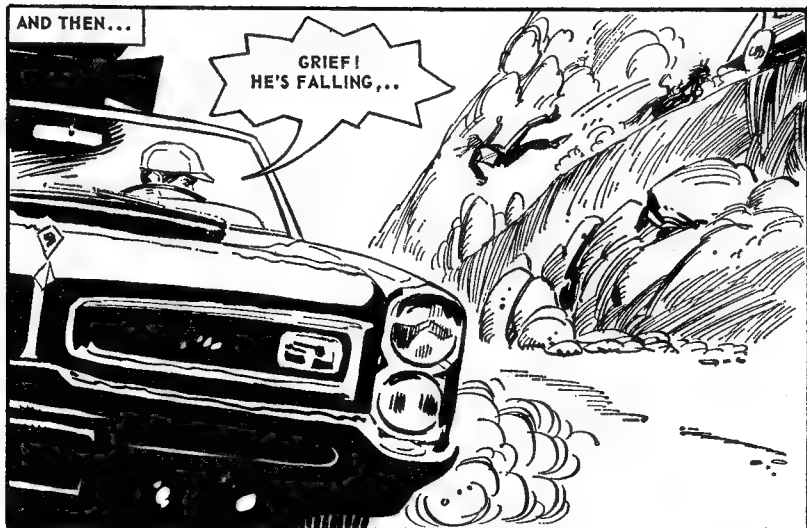


'BIG BILL' BOWIE, ACE STUNT MAN, COOLLY JUDGED THE GAP BETWEEN THE COACH'S
WHEELS AND THE STEEP DROP BESIDE THE TRACK.

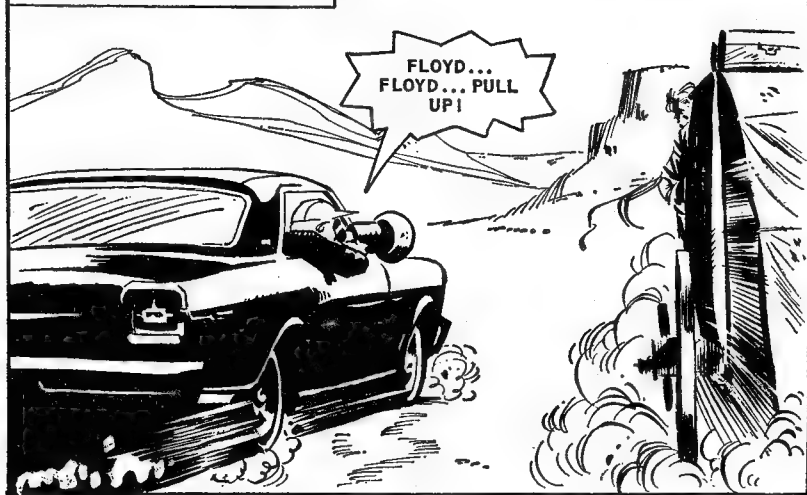


IT WAS A HIGHLY DANGEROUS STUNT, EVEN FOR BIG BILL... BUT IT WAS THE SORT OF ACTION SCENE THAT MADE A FLOYD GARNETT FILM SO EXCITING.

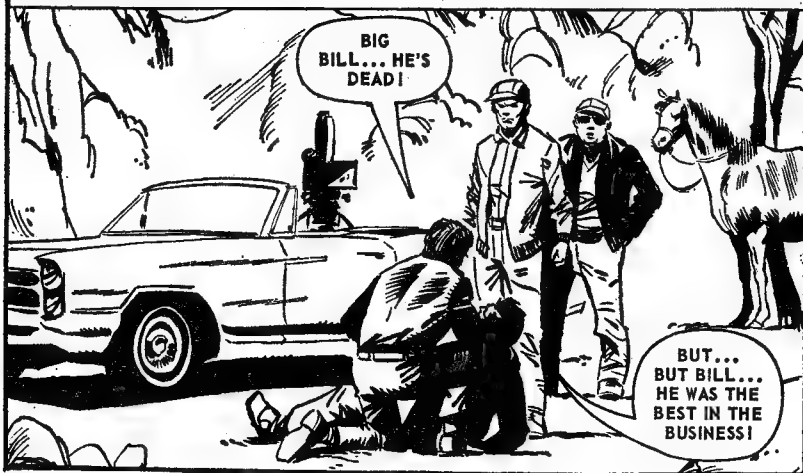




OVER THE EDGE OF THE TRACK PLUMMETED BIG BILL, TO LAND WITH A SICKENING THUD AMONG THE ROCKS BELOW...



BOB BARNABY HAD ALREADY REACHED THE SPOT WHERE THE STUNT MAN HAD FALLEN...



BOWIE HAD SURVIVED A COUPLE OF HUNDRED HAIR-RAISING STUNTS... BUT NOT THIS ONE!



FIRST GRAEBNER... NOW BOWIE! WHAT IS THERE... SOME SORTA JINX ON THIS PICTURE?



BUT ANY TALK OF A JINX WAS SOON
DISPELLED...

LOOK AT
THIS, CHARLIE...
THE GIRTH HAS
BEEN CUT HALFWAY
THROUGH! WHEN
BILL CLIMBED ON
TO THE SADDLE,
EVERYTHING CAME
ADRIFT!

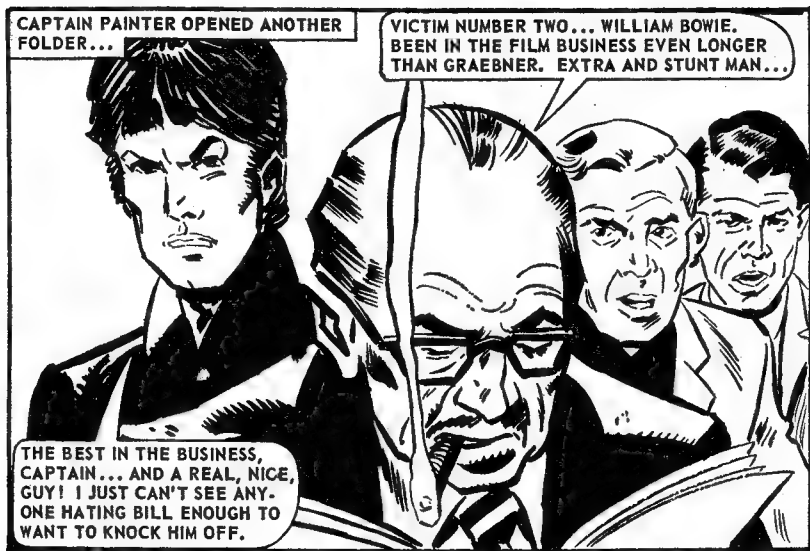
AND
BILL BOWIE
BROKE HIS
NECK!

IT WAS
NO ACCIDENT!
SOMEONE INTENDED BILL
TO BREAK HIS
NECK!

POLICE ENQUIRIES UNEARTHED NOTHING THAT
WOULD INCRIMINATE ANYBODY... WHO COULD
HAVE DONE SUCH A THING? IT WAS A QUESTION
THAT WAS TO OCCUPY THE HOMICIDE BUREAU
TO THE FULL IN THE WEEKS THAT FOLLOWED...

WHAT HAVE WE GOT THEN?
GRAEBNER, SCREEN ACTOR FOR
FIFTEEN YEARS, MOSTLY IN
WESTERNS. A BIG, TOUGH GUY...
BUT WITH NO CRIMINAL RECORD.

NO
COMPLICATED
PRIVATE LIFE...



UNLESS, OF COURSE, SOME PSYCHO CHARACTER IS HITTING AT FLOYD GARNETT THROUGH HIS PICTURE... EVEN GETTING HIM INVOLVED IN THE KILLINGS.

COULD BE, CAPTAIN! GARNETT'S MADE MORE THAN A FEW ENEMIES IN HIS CAREER.

HE'S NEVER GIVEN A HOOT FOR THE FEELINGS OF OTHERS ... AND ONLY THE FACT THAT HE'S A STAR HAS LET HIM GET AWAY WITH IT.

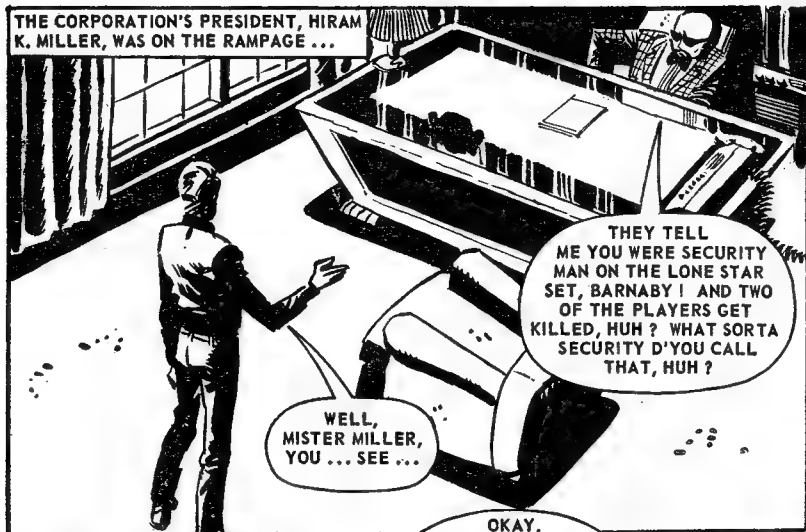
OKAY, THEN. WE FOLLOW UP THAT ANGLE, FELLERS. DIG THE DIRT ON GARNETT'S BACKGROUND ...

BUT BOB BARNABY WAS IN THE EMPLOYMENT OF STUPENDOUS FILM CORPORATION ...

HI, MISTER BARNABY. HEAD OFFICE HAVE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU ... SOUNDED LIKE THEY WERE GETTING A MITE IMPATIENT, TOO!

OKAY, PETE ... I'M ON MY WAY!

THE CORPORATION'S PRESIDENT, HIRAM K. MILLER, WAS ON THE RAMPAGE ...



WELL,
MISTER MILLER,
YOU ... SEE ...

THEY TELL
ME YOU WERE SECURITY
MAN ON THE LONE STAR
SET, BARNABY ! AND TWO
OF THE PLAYERS GET
KILLED, HUH ? WHAT SORTA
SECURITY D'YOU CALL
THAT, HUH ?

OKAY,
OKAY ! BUT FLOYD
GARNETT IS THE
BIGGEST PROPERTY THIS
COMPANY'S GOT. WHAT
HAPPENED TO BOWIE COULD
HAPPEN TO HIM ! YOU'D
BETTER SEE IT DOESN'T,
BARNABY !

WE PAY
YOU TO SEE
NO-ONE GETS
HURT ... NEVER
MIND KILLED !
THAT RIGHT ?

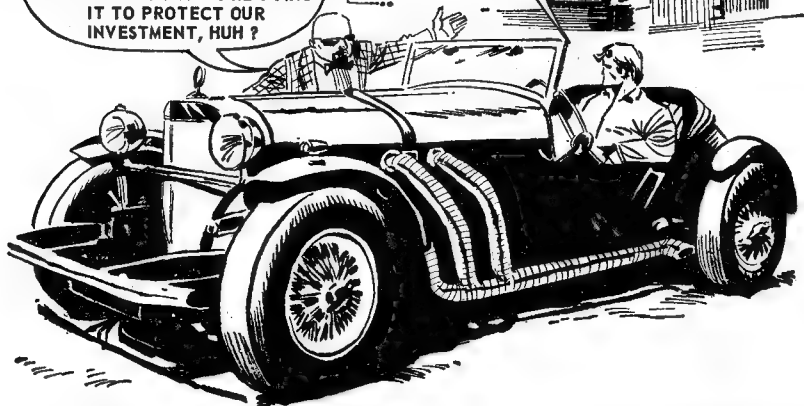
SURE THING, MISTER
MILLER ! BUT WE
NEED A TWENTY-FOUR
HOUR GUARD AND A
SQUAD OF SECURITY
MEN TO ENSURE
COMPLETE SAFETY !

THAT'S
OKAY BY ME,
MISTER MILLER ...
AS LONG AS YOU SQUARE
IT WITH MISTER GARNETT.
HE WON'T LIKE
IT ...

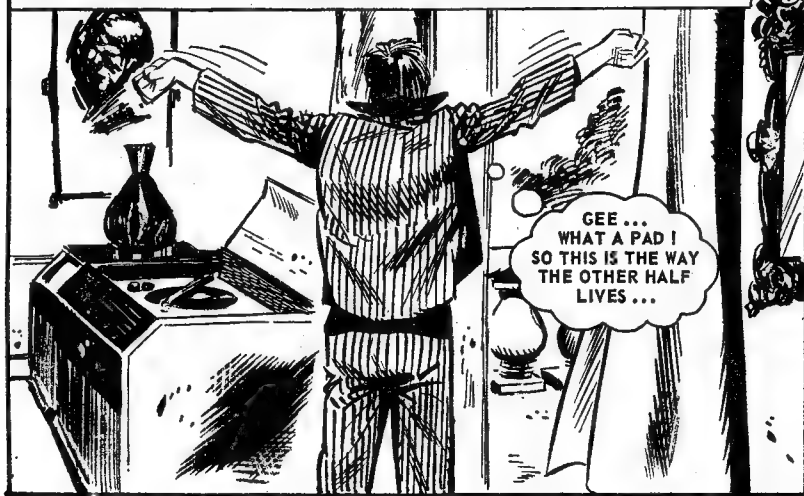
FLOYD GARNETT DID NOT LIKE IT !

YEAH, YEAH. I KNOW THAT, FLOYD. BUT STUPENDOUS HAVE A MIGHTY BIG INVESTMENT IN YOU. LET'S SAY WE'RE DOING IT TO PROTECT OUR INVESTMENT, HUH ?

I DON'T NEED ANY DURNED NURSEMAID, HIRAM ... NEVER HAVE !



SO BOB BARNABY MOVED INTO FLOYD GARNETT'S PALATIAL MANSION IN BEVERLEY HILLS. THE GREAT STAR WAS MOMENTARILY BETWEEN PICTURES ...



THE BALCONY OF BOB'S
BEDROOM OVERLOOKED A
FABULOUS GARDEN ... AND
THE STAR'S PRIVATE
SWIMMING POOL.



HEY,
FELLER ...
COME ON DOWN !
YOU LOOK AS IF
SOME EXERCISE
WOULD DO YOU
GOOD !

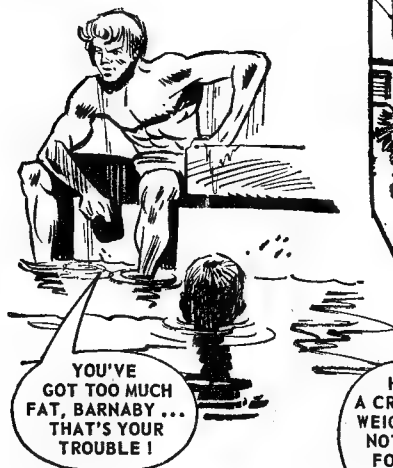


LET'S SEE
WHAT YOU CAN
DO, BARNABY.
UP TO THE OTHER
END OF THE POOL
AND BACK ...
RIGHT ?

BOB WAS CONSIDERED TO BE A PRETTY GOOD SWIMMER, BUT GARNETT LEFT HIM FLOUNDERING ...



EFFORTLESSLY, THE STAR HOISTED HIMSELF ON TO THE TILED EDGE OF THE POOL ...



YOU'VE GOT TOO MUCH FAT, BARNABY ... THAT'S YOUR TROUBLE !

THE MAN SEEMED TO MAKE A FETISH OF PHYSICAL FITNESS ...



HERE, HAVE A CRACK AT THESE. WEIGHT LIFTING ... NOTHING LIKE IT FOR TONING UP THOSE FLABBY MUSCLES.

WITH A TREMENDOUS EFFORT, BOB MANAGED TO LIFT THE WEIGHTS A FEW INCHES ...

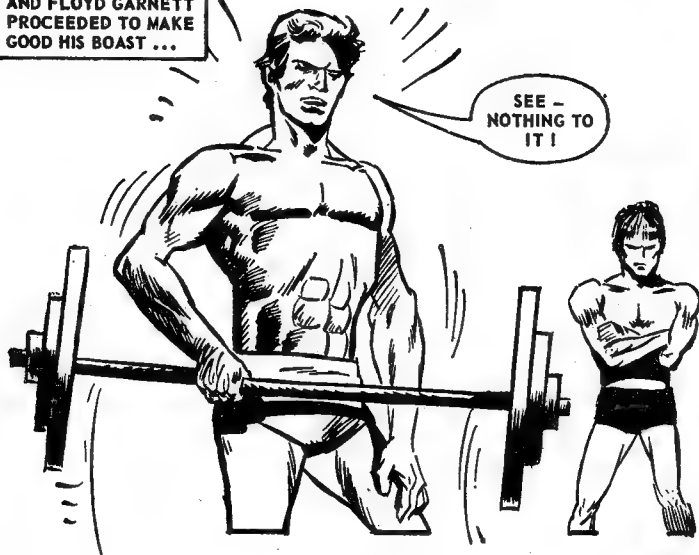
UUUUUHT !

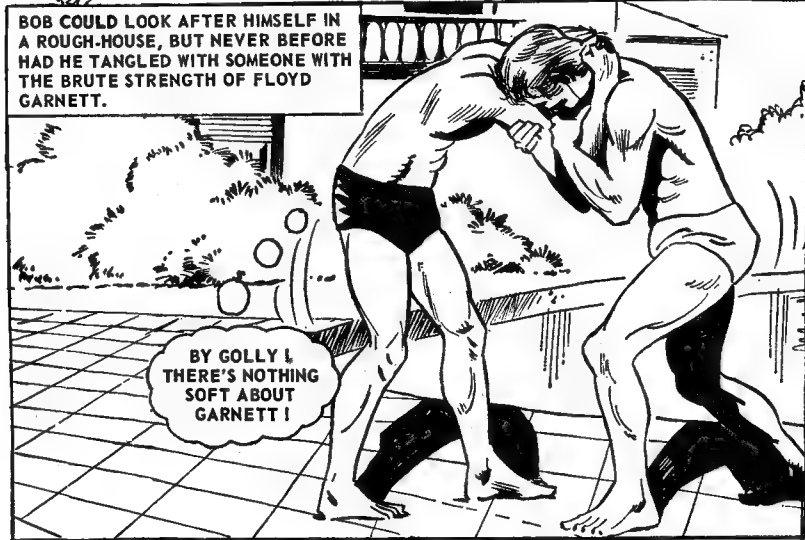
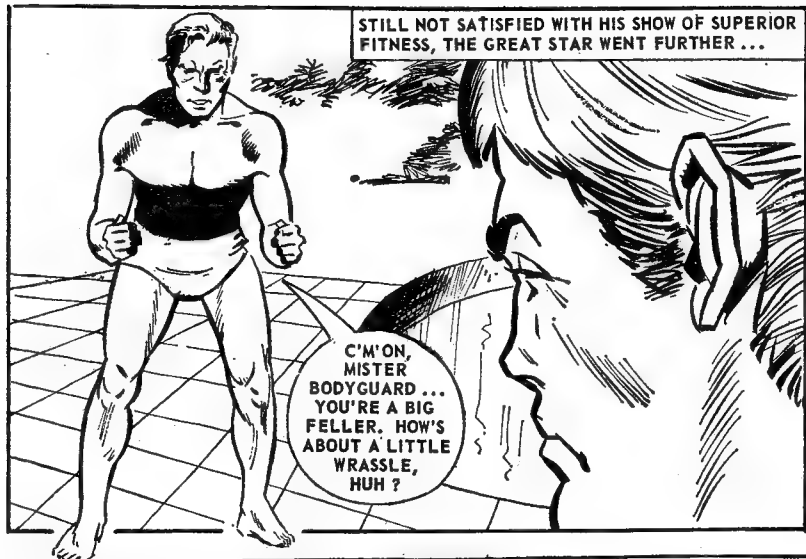
PAH !
I CAN LIFT
THAT WITH ONE
HAND. STAND
BACK ...



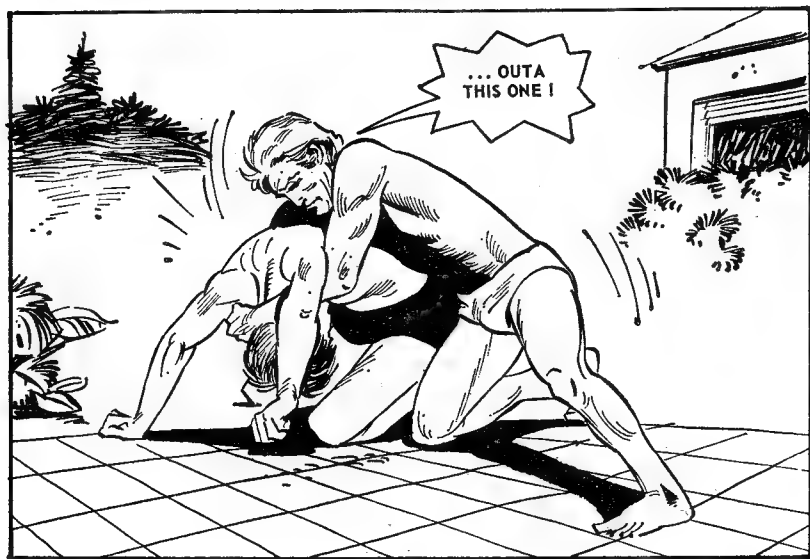
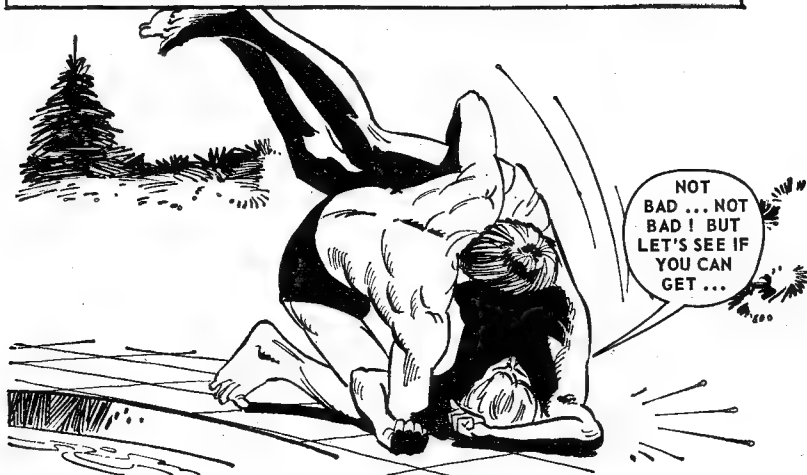
AND FLOYD GARNETT
PROCEEDED TO MAKE
GOOD HIS BOAST ...

SEE -
NOTHING TO
IT !





USING ALL HIS KNOWLEDGE OF UNARMED COMBAT, HE MANAGED TO KEEP OUT OF TROUBLE ... AND EVEN THROW THE STAR OFF BALANCE.



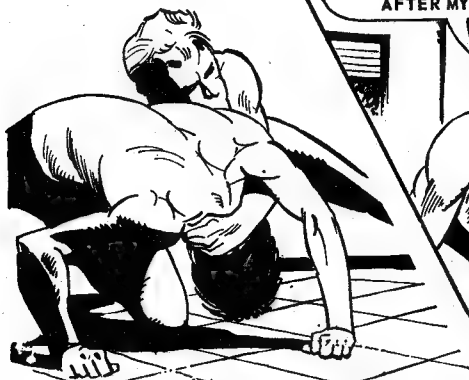
HELD IN A TERRIBLE, NECK-BREAKING HAMMER-LOCK, BOB WAS COMPLETELY HELPLESS ...



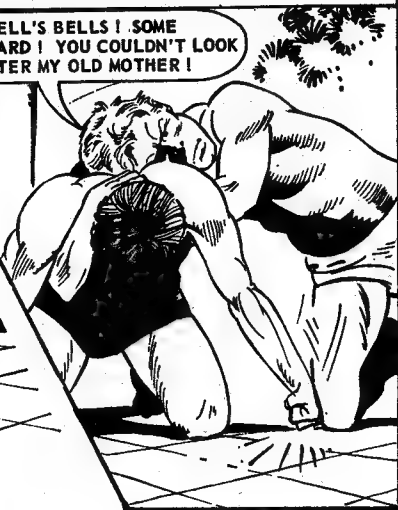
FIERCE PRIDE MADE BOB BITE BACK THE WORDS OF SURRENDER ...

AND HIS HAND WEAKLY BEAT THE GROUND IN SUBMISSION...

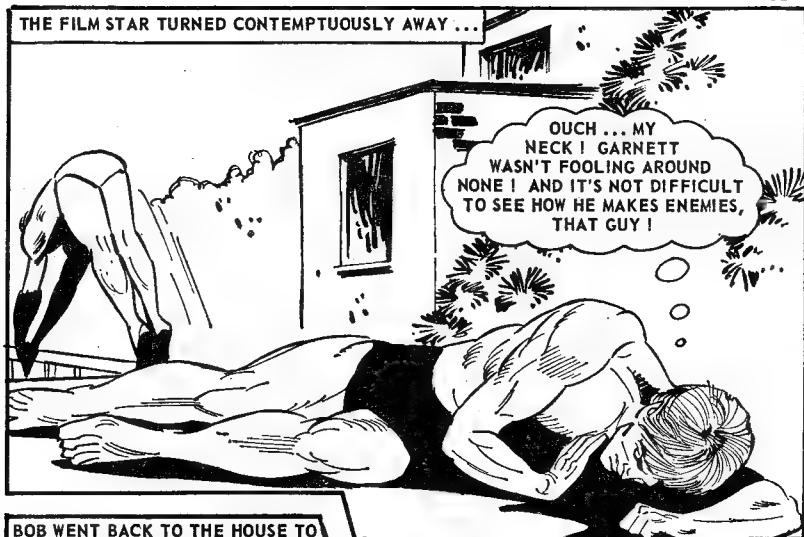
HELL'S BELLS ! SOME BODYGUARD ! YOU COULDN'T LOOK AFTER MY OLD MOTHER !



BUT GARNETT'S HOLD TIGHTENED UNTIL BOB FELT HIS SENSES REELING ...



THE FILM STAR TURNED CONTEMPTUOUSLY AWAY ...



BOB WENT BACK TO THE HOUSE TO CHANGE AND WAS SOON TALKING TO SAM BURNSIDE, THE STAR'S DRESSER ...

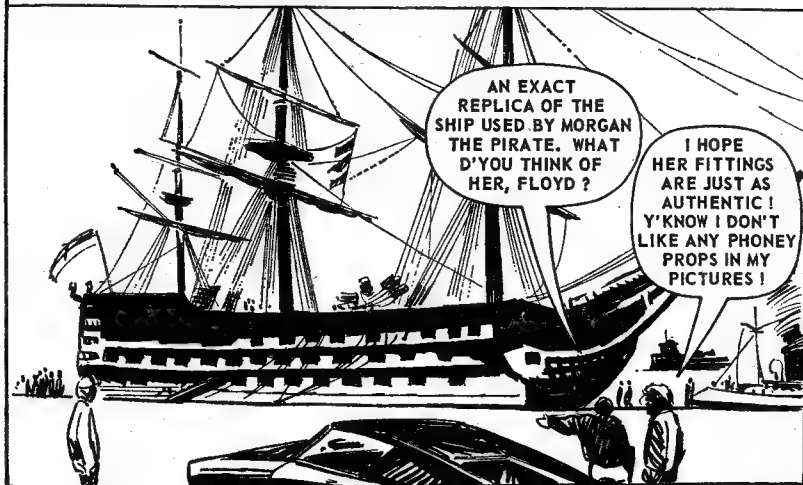


ROUGH WITH HIS TONGUE, TOO ! I DON'T KNOW HOW YOU PUT UP WITH THE BAWLINGS OUT YOU GET, SAM !



HE DON'T MEAN IT ! MISTER GARNETT'S A STAR ! THEY'RE NOT LIKE US ORDINARY FOLKS, Y'KNOW !

FOR TWO WEEKS, THE SECURITY MAN TRIED TO KEEP TRACK OF FLOYD GARNETT'S ACTIVITIES. BY THEN, PREPARATIONS FOR THE NEXT FILM HAD BEEN FINALISED ...



BEFORE SHOOTING ACTUALLY STARTED, THE PRESIDENT OF STUPENDOUS FILMS HELD A CONFERENCE WITH THE HOMICIDE BUREAU AND HIS OWN SECURITY STAFF.

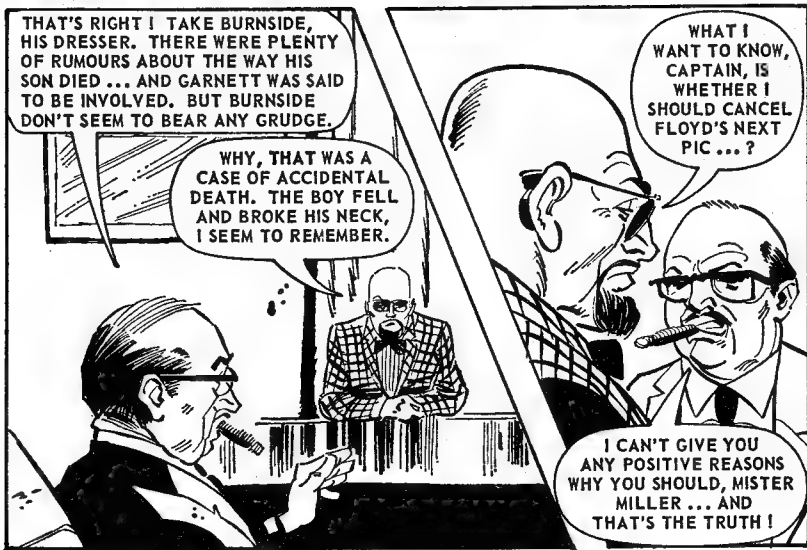


THAT'S RIGHT! TAKE BURNSIDE, HIS DRESSER. THERE WERE PLENTY OF RUMOURS ABOUT THE WAY HIS SON DIED ... AND GARNETT WAS SAID TO BE INVOLVED. BUT BURNSIDE DON'T SEEM TO BEAR ANY GRUDGE.

WHY, THAT WAS A CASE OF ACCIDENTAL DEATH. THE BOY FELL AND BROKE HIS NECK, I SEEM TO REMEMBER.

WHAT I WANT TO KNOW, CAPTAIN, IS WHETHER I SHOULD CANCEL FLOYD'S NEXT PIC ... ?

I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANY POSITIVE REASONS WHY YOU SHOULD, MISTER MILLER ... AND THAT'S THE TRUTH!



MUCH OF THE ACTION SHOTS OF THE PIRATE EPIC, ENTITLED "MORGAN'S GOLD", WERE BEING FILMED AT SEA ...



CONSCIENTIOUSLY, BOB BARNABY EXAMINED EVERY PISTOL AND MUSKET BEING USED IN EVERY SCENE.

THESE'LL FIRE NOTHING MORE LETHAL THAN A PUFF O' SMOKE, MISTER BARNABY ... I CAN GUARANTEE THAT !



I BELIEVE YOU, MAC ... BUT I'VE GOT TO CHECK, JUST THE SAME !

MORGAN, PLAYED BY FLOYD GARNETT, OF COURSE, AND HIS PIRATE CREW WERE SUPPOSED TO BE RUNNING DOWN A RICH MERCHANTMAN ...

SAILHO !

A black and white comic panel showing a man with dark hair, wearing a dark coat, looking through a telescope. He is on the deck of a ship, with the ship's rigging and sails visible in the background. A speech bubble from him says "SAILHO !".

EVERY INCH OF CANVAS BILLING IN THE STIFF BREEZE, THE PIRATES' VESSEL RAPIDLY OVERHAULED ITS QUARRY ...

WE'LL
GIVE THE DON
A ROUND OR TWO
OF GRAPESHOT, ME
BUCKOS ... THEN
BOARD HER !

A black and white comic panel showing a man in a dark coat with a ruffled collar, shouting and pointing towards a crowd of people on a ship's deck. In the foreground, two men are looking up at him. The background shows the ship's rigging and sails. A speech bubble from the man says "WE'LL GIVE THE DON A ROUND OR TWO OF GRAPESHOT, ME BUCKOS ... THEN BOARD HER !".

THE CAMERAS PANNED IN TO THE NARROW GUN DECK AND THE DIRECTOR HAD A LAST WORD WITH HIS STAR...

WE'LL SHOOT
THE GUN SEQUENCE
STRAIGHTAWAY, FLOYD... OKAY?
THE CAMERA CREW'S
IN POSITION.

OKAY... OKAY!
LET'S GET IT OVER
WITH! I WON'T BE
SORRY TO GET
MY FEET ON DRY
LAND AGAIN.

PERCHED PRECARIOUSLY ON A FLIMSY PLATFORM SEVERAL FEET FROM
THE SHIP'S SIDE, THE CAMERA CREW WAITED UNCOMFORTABLY...

HELL'S BELLS!
IT'S DARNED BREEZY OUT
HERE! I DON'T KNOW
WHY WE COULDN'T HAVE
FAKED THESE SHOTS IN
THE STUDIO!

YOU KNOW
FLOYD, CHARLIE...
BETTER THAN ANY
OF US, I GUESS.
IT'S ALL GOTTA
BE AUTHENTIC,
AIN'T IT?

THE GUNS' MUZZLES WERE ONLY A FEW FEET FROM THE CAMERA LENS. IT WOULD MAKE A VERY EFFECTIVE PICTURE, INDEED.

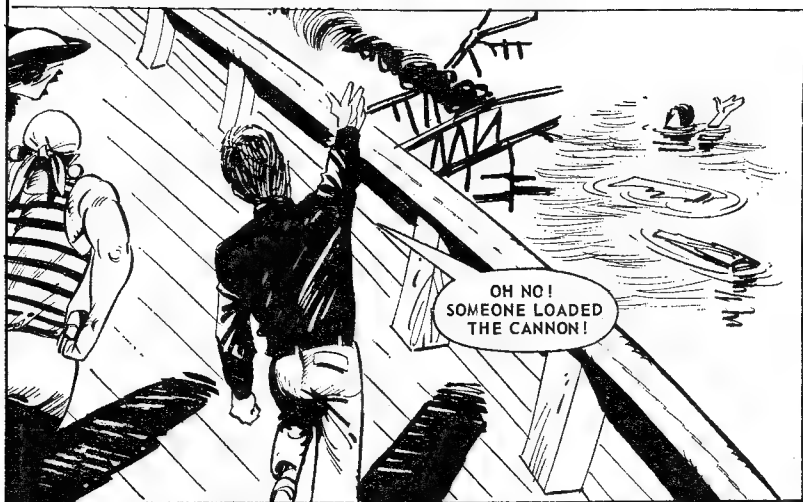
PREPARE
TO FIRE,
LADS...

THE GUNS ROARED. THERE WAS A GUSH OF FLAME AND SMOKE FROM THE GAPING MUZZLES... AND...

AAAAGH!

SUFFERING
SNAKES! W.WHAT
HAPPENED?

A FEW SPLINTERED FRAGMENTS WERE ALL THAT WAS LEFT OF THE CAMERA PLATFORM...



BOB GLIMPSED A
FIGURE WEAKLY
STRUGGLING IN
THE SEA...

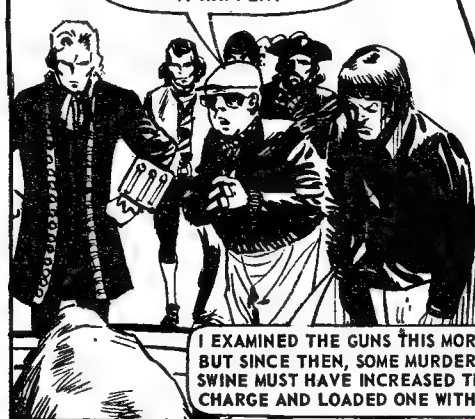


IT WAS CHARLIE WILLIAMS, TOP CAMERAMAN ON SO MANY OF FLOYD GARNETT'S FILMS...



TERRIBLY INJURED BY THE CANNON BALL, CHARLIE WILLIAMS BREATHED HIS LAST. THE OTHER CAMERAMAN HAD VANISHED WITHOUT TRACE.

THIS IS AWFUL... SIMPLY AWFUL! BUT - BUT HOW DID IT HAPPEN?



FLOYD GARNETT GLARED AT BOB.

I'LL BREAK YOU FOR THIS BARNABY! I THOUGHT YOU'D FALL DOWN ON YOUR JOB AND BY GLORY, YOU HAVE... FLAT ON YOUR FACE!



ALREADY, THE PIRATE SHIP HAD BEEN TURNED BACK TO PORT.
AN HOUR LATER, CAPTAIN PAINTER WAS RECEIVING BOB'S REPORT...



THE DETECTIVE'S EYES GLEAMED...



... AND YET HE WAS
TOP OF THE LIST WHEN
WE WERE LOOKING FOR
GARNETT'S ENEMIES!
YEAH, WE'LL GET THE
TRUTH OUT OF
BURNSIDE... THAT'S
FOR SURE!



BOB HIMSELF WAS TEMPORARILY SUSPENDED FROM HIS SECURITY JOB ON "MORGAN'S GOLD." IT LEFT HIM TIME TO THINK...

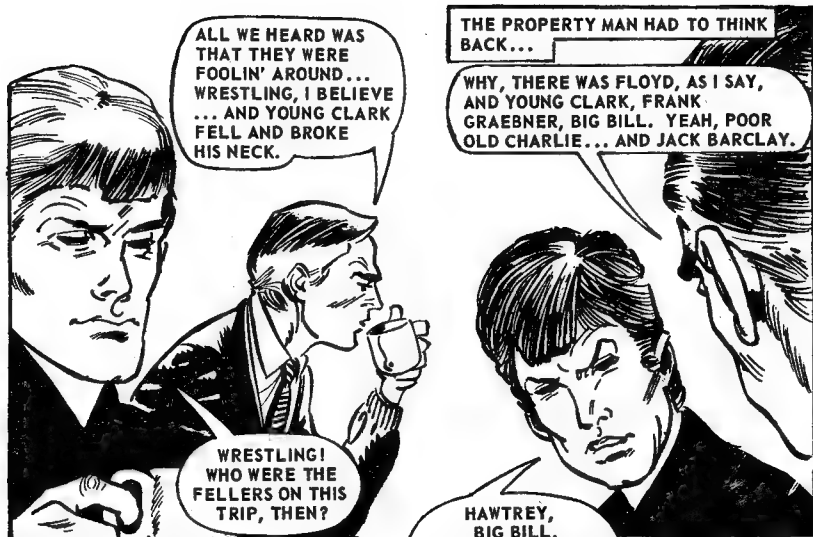
HI, MISTER BARNABY... I HEARD YOU WERE SUSPENDED, TOO! LOOKS LIKE YOU AND ME TOOK THE RAP, HUH?

HI, MAC! LOOKS THAT WAY! BUT WHO'D HAVE THOUGHT THAT OLD SAM WOULD HAVE BEEN RESPONSIBLE...

BOB AND THE PROPERTY MAN GOT TALKING...

THIS BUSINESS ABOUT SAM'S SON... IT WAS BEFORE MY TIME, WHAT EXACTLY HAPPENED, D'YOU KNOW?

WELL, FLOYD AND A FEW O' THE FELLERS, INCLUDING SAM'S SON, CLARK, WENT ON A HUNTING TRIP...





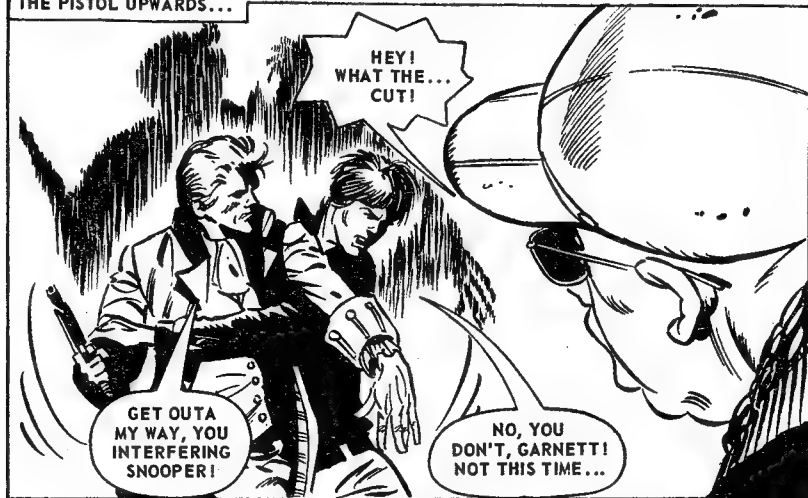
THE SCENE WAS IN FULL SWING WHEN BOB ARRIVED. HE RECOGNISED THE MAN PLAYING THE PIRATE'S LIEUTENANT AT ONCE...



SOME SIXTH SENSE MADE BOB FLING HIMSELF AT GARNETT...



THERE WAS UPROAR ON THE SET AS BOB STRUGGLED WITH THE STAR, FORCING THE PISTOL UPWARDS...



THE STAR SEEMED TO GO BERSERK...



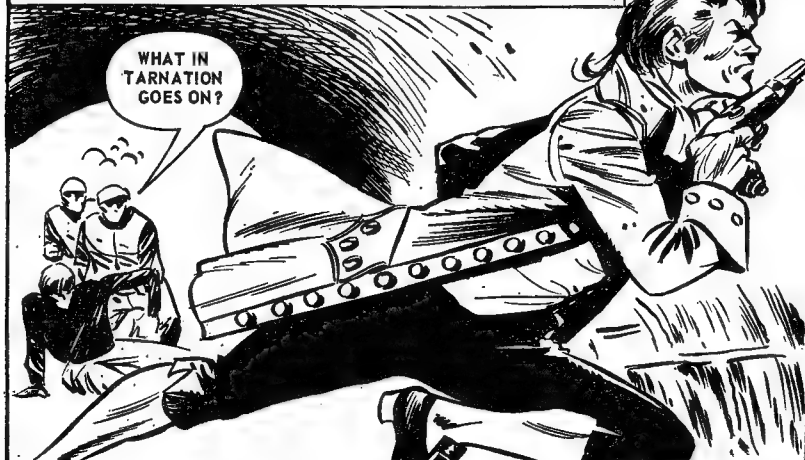
THE PISTOL FIRED... AND JACK BARCLAY
GAVE A YELL OF ALARM...



WITH A MIGHTY HEAVE, GARNETT SENT BOB BARNABY FLYING...



JACK BARCLAY HAD PANICKED. INSTEAD OF RUNNING TOWARDS THE CAMERAS AND THE OTHER MEN, HE DASHED UP SOME STAIRS IN ONE CORNER OF THE ROOM - AND GARNETT POUNDED AFTER HIM.



HEAD REELING, BOB FOLLOWED...





CORNERED AT A SPOT WHERE THE FILMLAND "CASTLE" ENDED... AND A NARROW CATWALK BEGAN, BARCLAY HESITATED IN A COLD SWEAT...



BUT THERE WAS NO GLIMMER OF HUMOUR IN THE COLD GREY EYES OF FLOYD GARNETT...



THE HAMMER OF THE PISTOL WAS FALLING... AND BOB LEAPED IN DESPERATION...



GARNETT STAGGERED FORWARD, THE PISTOL BALL DUG HARMLESSLY INTO THE PLASTER "STONEMWORK"...



THE STAR DRAGGED THE CUTLASS FROM THE SCABBARD AT HIS SIDE AND BOB DUCKED FRANTICALLY...



FORCED TO GIVE GROUND, BOB BACKED ON TO THE CATWALK...



BOB'S FOOT SLIPPED. GARNETT TOWERED ABOVE HIM LIKE AN EXECUTIONER...



THE CUTLASS SWUNG FORWARD AND DOWN... AND THEN...



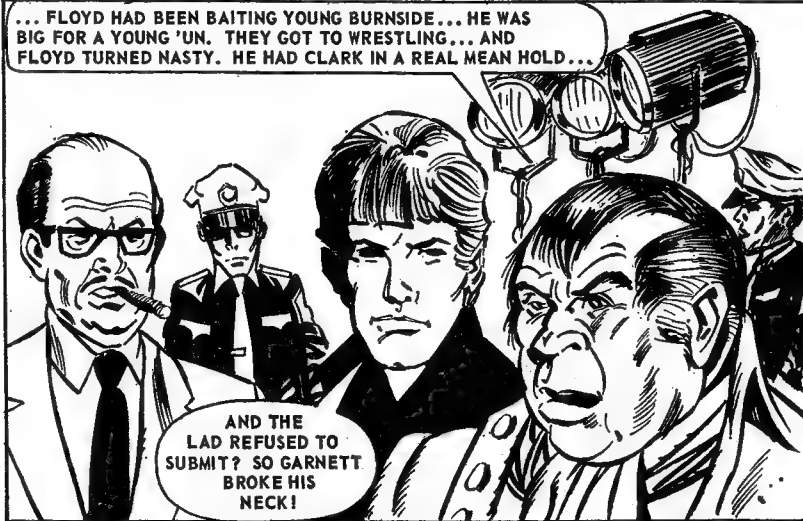


DAZED AND SHAKEN, BOB BARNABY CLIMBED DOWN TO THE FLOOR OF THE LOT...



HALF AN HOUR LATER, BOB, CAPTAIN PAINTER OF HOMICIDE AND JACK BARCLAY, THE ONLY SURVIVOR OF THE ILL-FATED HUNTING TRIP, PIECED TOGETHER THE STORY...

... FLOYD HAD BEEN BAITING YOUNG BURNSIDE... HE WAS BIG FOR A YOUNG 'UN. THEY GOT TO WRESTLING... AND FLOYD TURNED NASTY. HE HAD CLARK IN A REAL MEAN HOLD...



AND THE LAD REFUSED TO SUBMIT? SO GARNETT BROKE HIS NECK!



IT SEEMS GRAEBNER DIDN'T! HE MUST HAVE PUT THE SQUEEZE ON GARNETT, WHO GOT RID OF HIM...

FLOYD MADE US ALL AGREE TO SOME STORY OF A FALL AND THE CORONER CALLED IT ACCIDENTAL DEATH. AS FAR AS I KNOW, WE ALL KEPT OUR MOUTHS SHUT FROM THAT DAY TO THIS.

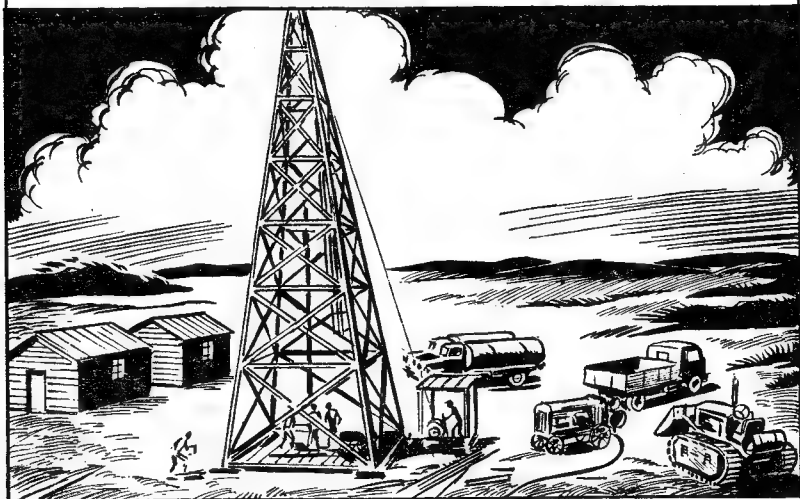
... AND FLOYD DECIDED TO PLAY SAFE BY TAKING CARE OF THE REST OF US, TOO! UNBELIEVABLE!

THE BODY OF FLOYD GARNETT, ONE OF THE GREATEST ACTION STARS IN FILM HISTORY, WAS BORNE FROM THE SET WHERE HE HAD PLAYED HIS LAST DRAMATIC SCENE...



TROUBLE-SHOOTER

THE DRILLING RIG STOOD 100 FEET ABOVE THE DESERT FLOOR. THE MEN WORKING AT ITS BASE SWELTED IN THE HEAT OF THE BURNING SUN...



THEY WERE SEARCHING FOR NATURAL GAS THAT LAY HIDDEN BENEATH THE SAND. THE DRILL HAD REACHED ITS FULL DEPTH AND NOW BEGAN THE LONG JOB OF WITHDRAWING IT...

THAT RIGHT IF WE DON'T HIT THE JACKPOT ON THIS DRILL, WE'LL HAVE TO PULL OUT, BOSS?

DON'T WORRY~ I'VE A HUNCH ABOUT THIS ONE!



IT TOOK THIRTY MINUTES FOR THE DRILL TIP TO NEAR THE SURFACE...



THE HUGE DRILL BIT CAME SPINNING OUT OF THE BORE HOLE. AS IT DID SO THERE CAME THE UNMISTAKEABLE SOUND OF ESCAPING GAS...



THE MEN WERE MOVING FORWARD TO CAP THE ESCAPING GAS, WHEN IT IGNITED WITH A SHATTERING EXPLOSION...



THE FLAMES SHOT INTO THE AIR
HIGH ABOVE THE RIG WITH A
ROAR LIKE A JET ENGINE...

GET THOSE
MEN AWAY
FROM HERE!



THE HEAT BEARED THE FACES OF THE
RESCUERS AS THEY DRAGGED THEIR
COMRADES AWAY FROM THE
ALL-CONSUMING FLAMES.



ANY MORE
LEFT UP
THERE?

NO, BOSS!
THAT'S THE
LOT!



EVEN FROM A HUNDRED YARDS AWAY, THEY COULD FEEL THE BLISTERING HEAT FROM THE BURNING GAS...

WE'RE LOSING THOUSANDS OF CUBIC FEET A SECOND IN THAT BLAZE! WE'VE GOTTA PUT IT OUT!



BOB HAD WORKED ON RIGS FOR TWENTY YEARS. THIS WAS NOT THE FIRST TIME HE HAD FACED DANGER AND POSSIBLE DEATH...

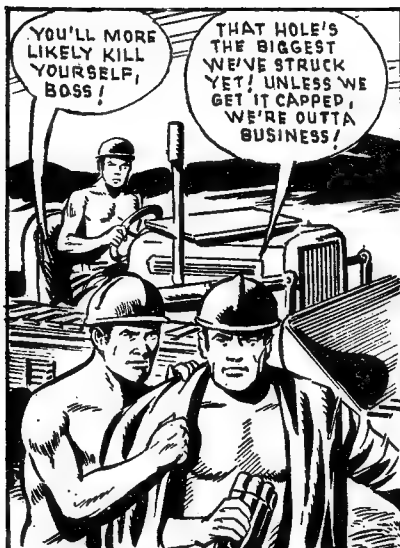
GET THE 'DOZER. YOU TWO, HITCH HOSES TO THOSE WATER TANKERS. I'M GOING OVER THE STORES!



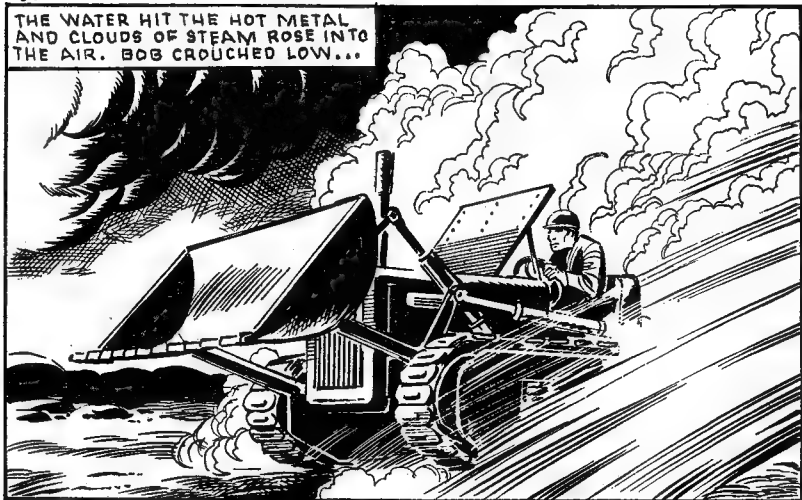
WHEN BOB REAPPEARED HE WAS CARRYING OILSKINS AND SIX STICKS OF DYNAMITE!



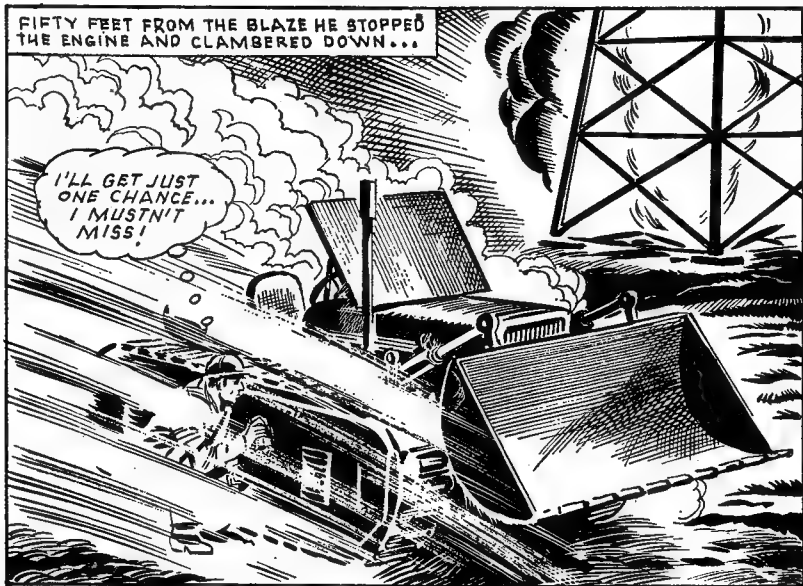
ONLY ONE WAY TO DEAL WITH THIS DEVIL... BLOW IT OUT!



THE WATER HIT THE HOT METAL AND CLOUDS OF STEAM ROSE INTO THE AIR. BOB CROUCHED LOW...



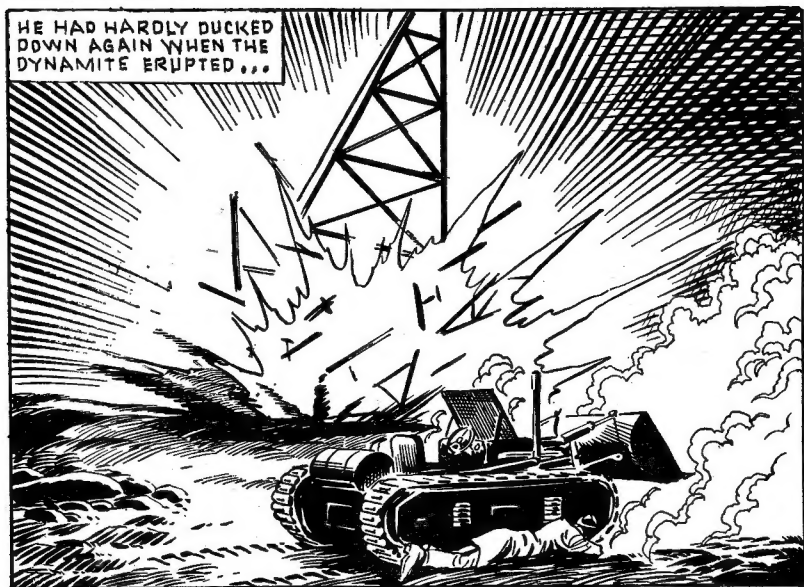
FIFTY FEET FROM THE BLAZE HE STOPPED THE ENGINE AND CLAMBERED DOWN...



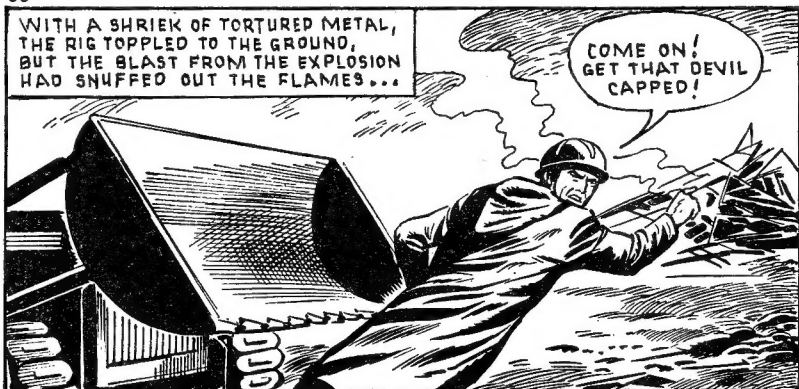
WHEN HE STOOD UP, THE
HEAT TOOK HIS BREATH
AWAY, BUT HE HURLED
THE DYNAMITE WITH
ALL HIS STRENGTH
INTO THE HEART OF
THE FLAMES...



HE HAD HARDLY DUCKED
DOWN AGAIN WHEN THE
DYNAMITE ERUPTED...



WITH A SHRIEK OF TORTURED METAL, THE RIG TOPPLED TO THE GROUND, BUT THE BLAST FROM THE EXPLOSION HAD SNUFFED OUT THE FLAMES...



THAT'S ONE CRAZY ACT YOU'VE GOT THERE, BOSS!

IT WORKED, DIDN'T IT? NOW GET UP THERE AND FIX THAT BORE!



TWENTY MINUTES LATER, BOB PICKED HIS WAY OVER THE TWISTED REMAINS OF THE RIG...

SHE'S FIXED, BOSS!

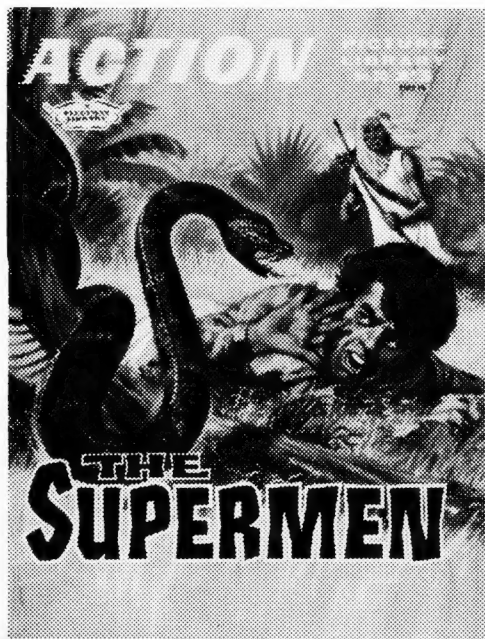
YEAH? WELL, DON'T JUST STAND THERE. WE'VE GOT A RIG TO RE-BUILD! COME ON, MOVE!



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